

THE CRESCENT.

VOL. XVI.

MARCH, 1905.

NO. 5.

Some Up-to-Date Adventures.

II.

It was a warm Sunday afternoon last August. The sun blazed from the unclouded, hazy, blue expanse of an Eastern Oregon sky. The acres of uncut wheat stretching into the distance were gently ruffled by the hot eastern breeze. In all directions the landscape melted away into the dancing depths of smoky haze. The harvesters, after listening to the clatter of the header and the hum of the thresher for six long days, had laid aside the white man's burden and were enjoying life, each in his own way. As I lay on my back in the grateful shade of a header box, there came floating through my lazy mind the thought of Hay creek, glimmering in the depths of its canyon about three miles away. Unlucky thought! With its entrance into my 6 $\frac{7}{8}$ brain, peace took her departure. In spite of all my efforts, I could not help but think of those cooking depths; they were at least five feet deep, with their spirogyra-covered surface. Even the terror of that three-mile journey through the sun, and the awful thought of the 1200-foot descent down the canyon side, were not enough to prevent my yielding to temptation.

Thus it happened that a short time afterwards I found myself upon the brink of Hay creek canyon. Thoughtfully pursuing my downward course, sorrowfully thinking of the time when I should have to make my way up this endless steep, I suddenly saw something which caused me to stop so quick that my heart lost several beats in astonishment. There, not thirty feet down the hill, was visible a long,

dark gray body. Fortunately the head of the monster was hidden behind a thick sagebrush, and he was not yet aware of my approach. In size he was somewhere between a small dog and a large elephant. I immediately recognized the animal as one of the well known wild beasts of the country, of whose ferocity I had heard many stories. What should a brave Webfooter do? Should he make good his escape before it was too late? All the traditions of a short sojourn in this vale of tears cried out against such a course. "I will fight it out on this hillside if it takes till supper time," was my determined resolve. Therefore, I opened hostilities by hurling a huge bowlder into the enemy's territory. It landed with a dull thud upon the back of my unsuspecting adversary. He evidently thought that the stars were falling from their accustomed positions, or that Mt. Hood was changing her location. At any rate, he concluded that life in that locality had no interest for him, and, uttering a loud hiss of astonishment, proceeded to emigrate. The joy of battle filled my noble soul. Yelling like ten Comanches, I pressed close upon the rear of the retreating enemy, hurling fragments of the rocky hillside as I advanced. In locomotive ability we were about equal. I had always longed for an opportunity to prove to my somewhat diffident self that the blood of a brave Webfooter flowed in my lengthy veins. Oh! if some of my skeptical friends at Pacific College could have seen me as I straddled along that canyon side, they would never more have doubts of my physical courage.

Thus the battle progressed for some distance, when a rock, falling unusually near the party in advance, caused him to turn his head and look back. Then something happened. As he caught sight of the insignificant source of all his discomfort, he stopped. My heels sent the rocks rolling down the canyon side in my efforts to also stop, sooner than I did. I did not stop long, however. First, a

look of astonishment overspread that wicked, bloodthirsty countenance. This quickly changed to an expression of exultant revenge. He hesitated an instant, during which time he seemed to increase in size a hundred fold, while I seemed to shrink a like amount. An instant only he hesitated, then like a shot out of a 13-inch rifle he came in my direction. You have heard of the charge of the elephant in the wilds of Africa and of the dash of the grizzly bear on the mountain steeps of the Rockies, but I doubt if man ever saw such a look of merciless ferocity as was expressed by the black face and gleaming teeth of that monster of the sagebrush canyons. My hair jumped its full length toward the clouds, and my heart came near knocking a hole in my breastbone. I thought of home and the dear ones there, and came to the conclusion that the only way to ever see them again was to leave that place on short notice.

Tam O'Shanter made good time in his race for the enchanted bridge, but he was slow compared to the speed made by me as I flew over the surface of this planet in the direction of the Atlantic ocean. On I went, the earth rushing beneath and the air whistling around the corners of my chin, where the whiskers ought to grow. My mind was occupied with the stories I had heard of the terrible deeds committed by these animals, and I expected every instant to feel those awful teeth and claws in my anatomy.

After a time had passed in this way, I glanced behind and saw to my intense joy that my pursuer had evidently concluded he had evened things sufficiently with me, as he was taking a course along the hillside in a direction at right angles to that in which I was going. Now I began to breathe again and my courage began to return. I again took up the pursuit, but in a different manner. I did not now wish to outrage my adversary's feelings by throwing rocks at him and kept at a respectful distance, being ready to start on an instant's notice for another part of the globe

if discretion should demand it. My enemy seemed to have urgent business in the under world, for, after continuing in this direction for some distance, it came to a tunnel leading down into the depths of the earth. Here he stopped; I did the same. He looked at me an instant and seemed to wink one of his wicked little eyes. A cloud of earth was thrown into the air, and the BADGER had disappeared.

TENDERFOOT, '06.

The Most Popular College Songs.

Crescent March 1905

Messrs. Hinds, Noble & Eldridge of New York have issued a book of college songs, entitled "The Most Popular College Songs." This book deserves favorable mention, as it will give to the young collegian who is musically inclined a knowledge of what is stirring life, melodiously speaking, at the present time. Also educated men, though their college days may be long since passed, may look through these pages and recall memories of the college glee, recollections always precious. This book is just what its title suggests, its contents being selected from the most popular songs of eastern and western colleges. Only the most popular are in this book, and they are all here. What more does the college student want in the line of a good, rousing song book? This book deserves wide use and will doubtless meet with favor in most of the colleges.

We now have on our list seventy-two exchanges. Some come weekly, some monthly, some three times a year and some once in a while. One might think that out of such a number they could find all kinds of papers—good, bad and indifferent—but that is not the case. They are all good, only some of them are better than others. There is really very much of instructive and interesting reading to be found on the exchange table. The trouble is, the papers are not read enough by enough of the students.

Pacific, 23; Capital Business College, 18.

On the evening of February 3 occurred one of the best basket ball games ever played in the local gymnasium. The opposing team represented the Capital Business College of Salem, and although the game was played on rather short notice, a large and enthusiastic audience was out to witness the game and cheer the victors. At the end of the first half the score stood 12 to 6 in favor of Salem, and the outlook was not very flattering for the home rooters. Even in this half the home team did much the best team work, but seemed unable to find the baskets. In the second half, however, the local boys took a brace, and by excellent passing and good basket throwing were able to retire the visitors by the score of 23 to 18. In the second half the excitement was intense, and not until the final whistle blew was the victory assured. The game was very free from fouls, and the officials impartial.

Following the game, the girls entertained the visitors, together with the first and second teams, in Society Hall, after which light refreshments were served. Following is the line-up and score:

Business College.		Pacific.
Hewitt (captain).....	g f.....	Blair
Hunt.....	g f.....	Pemberton (captain)
Manston.....	c.....	Hodson
Humphreys.....	f g.....	Macy
Phelps.....	f g.....	Coulson
Subs—C. B. C., Myers, De Armen; Pacific, Cahill, Spaulding.		
Officials—C. B. C., Miles; Pacific, R. Pemberton.		
Score—C. B. C., 18; Pacific, 23.		

C. J. HOSKINS, '06.

What the Boston kid said when his mamma offered him another piece of pie: "Thank you, mother. I have partaken sufficiently of the nutritious elements of nature in order to sustain my corporeal system until the illuminator again mounts the horizon, and not wishing to burden you with any superfluous verbiages, I take the liberty of asking you to cease all further participation."—Ex.

THE CRESCENT.

Published Monthly during the College Year by the Crescent Literary Society

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Terms, 50c. a Year in Advance. Single Copy 10c.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Newberg, Oregon.

THE CRESCENT is sent to subscribers until ordered stopped and all arrearages are paid.

Direct all communications to THE CRESCENT, Newberg, Oregon.

Crescent M. 1905

In these troublous times before the contest, we hear much about college spirit. What constitutes true college spirit? Is it only the exercise of lung power, and will the school which makes the most noise on the evening of March 10 necessarily possess the most of this commodity? No! Yells are necessary and should be cultivated for their own value. We should by all means see that P. C. does not stand second in this line. But true college spirit also reaches out in other directions. It is a desire in our individual hearts to win friends for old P. C. and to place her in the best light possible before the world. The time is not far off when representatives from all the principal schools of Oregon will be here, and most of them will make their first acquaintance with Pacific College. They will carry the impressions they receive back with them and report what sort of people we are. Now, let us show true college spirit and make these impressions as pleasant as possible. We should bear this in mind in arranging every detail of this contest. In short, let us spare no pains in making this the best contest ever held in the state. Every person interested in the

college can help in this. These people will be our guests. Let us make them feel that they are welcome and that we regard them as friends. Strive to treat them so that they will go home and say that, outside of their own, Pacific College is the best institution in the state.

The time for the state contest is fast approaching, and it is urgent that every student, both in the college and preparatory departments, should begin to cultivate a very enthusiastic college spirit. There were only about one-third of the students present at a recent meeting held for the purpose of creating some enthusiasm and learning our new yells. We do not want to think that the students of Pacific College are lacking in genuine college spirit, and we are sure that no student wishes to be classed as lacking in this very important particular. Now, the best way to show that we have the proper spirit is to show an interest in the affairs of the student body and to be ready to practice the yells we have, to make new ones, etc. It is a well known fact that just in proportion as we manifest an interest in such matters our interest will increase, and the thing we want now above everything else is such a spirit of college enthusiasm that will make the auditorium ring at the contest. Now, students, let us show the people what kind of spirit we possess here at Pacific College. Make them alive to the fact that there is a very wide-awake body of students in their midst. Then at the contest we will have the opportunity of showing about seven other college delegations that this college is a leader, both in the excellence of our oratory and in our rousing college spirit. Then last, but not least, we owe our heartiest support to our orator, and it is not too much to say that, in a considerable measure, the success of an orator depends on the spirit of the students from his own college. Now, students, it is up to you—victory or defeat. Which shall it be? All together now for victory and college spirit.

Local and Personal.

Mary Minthorn missed a day of school on account of sickness.

Rev. Knight of Rosedale, father of Sara Knight, visited chapel one morning.

During the cold spell the students enjoyed skating on the ponds by the river.

"Translate this Greek" is the cry of several young men since St. Valentine's day.

Anna Dudley, a former student, visited with Sadie Maxfield during the month.

Helena Ferguson has been very ill with pneumonia, but we are glad to note that she is improving.

M. N. in Literature class—"Come, kiss!" Prof. looked "got" and turned red, but would not volunteer.

Some bright student knows more than the English teacher, so he says. We are glad to note it's a "Junior."

James Price, pastor of Friends church, Salem, gave the students a very vivid and interesting account of his life in Libby Prison.

In Student Body meeting, when an honorable Sophomore was nominated to a desired office, he immediately arose and said, "Mr. President, I second that motion."

The general run of chapel talks are concerning the faults of the students, but the tide turned one morning when the teachers were openly and honestly declared "cranks."

President Ferrin of Pacific University delivered an interesting address on "Education" in the Friends church on Friday, February 10. The students furnished the music for the evening.

Exchanges.

We were glad to receive the Tahoma.

The Ilakawinn contains some good original poetry.

The Penn Chronicle isn't as interesting as it might be.

Never strike a man when he is down. He may get up again.—Ex.

The Acropolis is very good. Why don't you make it a monthly paper?

Feet by feet give square feet; heads by heads give blockheads.—Ex.

Evergreen, you are doing well. That is, your cover is especially attractive this month.

Of all sad words, words of tongue and pen,
The saddest of these: "I've flunked again."—Ex.

The High School Ægis contains some good reading matter this month. Read it and find out for yourself.

All the December papers are especially fine. We are glad to receive all of them, but especially two or three new ones.

The articles, "Lord Byron" and "Percy Bysshe Shelly—The Poet's Poet," given in the Interlude, are worth reading.

We have just received the Porcupine for the first time. It is very welcome and we will be glad to have it continue to come.

The "Legend of Jump-off Joe" given in the Clarion is quite interesting and suggestive to those who spend their summer vacation at Newport.

A drama in three acts:

I. Maid one.

II. Maid won.

III. Made one.—Ex.

Out till one,
 Lessons undone.
 Poor excuse
 No use.—Ex.

Friend—"In what course does your son expect to graduate?"

Father—"In the course of time from the looks of things."—Ex.

Editor—"Where is the other one?"

Joke Writer—"There isn't any other."

Editor—"Why, I thought Noah took two of each kind into the ark."—Ex.

A teacher told her pupils to write a sentence containing the words "bitter end." After a brief pause, a little girl held up her hand and read the following sentence: "A big dog chased my kitten under the porch and bitter end."—Ex.

Teacher—"What is your name?"

"Jule," replied the pupil.

"You should say Julius. What is your name?" turning to another pupil.

Other pupil—"Billius."

Quite often items on special features connected with college life run through all of the papers for a particular month. In the December issues the call for college songs is quite noticeable. Evidently, several colleges are waking up on that subject.

Ophelia was sitting
 In the willow tree tall,
 When the slender bough broke
 And Ophelia did fall.
 The brook ran beneath her,
 The water was wet,
 Ophelia sank beneath it
 And was drowned, you bet.—Ex.

Additional Locals.

Seldon Murray is at Portland taking a vacation.

Miss Hazel Crozer visited here with her sister for several days of late.

A valentine party was given by the Y. W. C. A. on the evening of the 14th. If we are to judge from outward appearances, every one had a splendid time.

E. Kenworthy and W. R. Miles acted the part of good Quaker boys and went to Salem Quarterly Meeting, which is held the third seventh day in second month.

Notice is hereby given to the people in this district that the Biology class at P. C. will be very thankful to have any "mean" dog or "bad" cat brought to their laboratory for examination.

Of late quite a number of the students have been "gripped" so tightly at their homes that it has been impossible for them to attend college. But we would rather have a "little grip" than the "little pox."

Several people enjoyed the ice of the past two weeks. Skates were sought for in garrets, old trunks, scrap iron piles, and in fact everywhere. The ice was said to be "rubbery." A few of the boys found some water under the ice. It was of different depths according to their statements.

A question has been asked by some scientist concerning the digestive apparatus of those human species who swallow their noon lunches in Prof. Partington's room. "Do they have a craw, sand and glass in their gizzard, and no teeth with which to masticate their food?" A specimen is much desired by the Biology class, but it seems that none of this folk are ready to "di-gest yet."

The first meeting for learning new yells was held after Crescent on the evening of the 17th. Although there were

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not so many of the students present as we should like to have seen, those who were there certainly made the house ring according to reports received from some of the neighbors. After the yells had been learned the crowd went to the gymnasium, where a very pleasant hour was spent in games and marching.

Debating Team Chosen.

The final try-out for the selection of the Pacific College debating team was held on the evening of February 2. The former try-outs had limited the number of competitors to five, and the judges were almost at a loss to know which three of the five to pick to represent P. C. at Albany the latter part of next month. Finally, however, they decided on Louis Saunders, Ferris Strait and Ralph Rees as the team, with Cecil Hoskins as alternate. This team will support against Albany College the affirmative of the question: "Resolved, That reciprocity is a more satisfactory system of governing international commerce than is a protective tariff." Success to you, boys!

STUDENTS, REMEMBER!
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